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C O P Y

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V E R S E S, &c.



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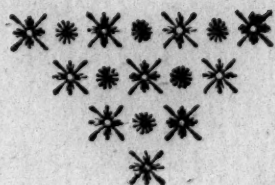
C O P Y . O F V E R S E S

T O

A F R I E N D,

O N

ENTERING THE NEW YEAR.



M DCC LXXXIX.

COPY OF VERS

TO

A P R I L

ON

ENTERING THE NEW YEAR

WILLIAM



MY DEAR ———

I Should regard myself as unpardonable, if at this Season of general Congratulation I should omit to renew the Testimony of my Love, and the deep and grateful Sense I have of the Obligations I am under to you. As I was the other Day reflecting on your Kindness to me, I fell into a Sort of Jingling Humour, which having Leisure to indulge produced the Lines I herewith send you. The Depression of my Spirits prevents any Flights of Fancy or Genius—therefore you must neither look for Beauties nor Blemishes; but be so kind as to accept it as the only *New Year's Gift* I have to bestow.

&c. &c.

B

V E R S E S

100

1601/535

V E R S E S

T O A

F R I E N D.

A GAIN we've CHRISTMAS Gambols view'd,

And time has once again renew'd

The cheerful hours to which belong

The festive dance and choral song.

B 2

Whilst

Whilst mirth in ev'ry face appears,
 And mutual wish of happy years,
 Some tribute sure from me is due,
 My dear and faithful Friends, to YOU.
 And trifling tho' my lines appear,
 Yet they convey a wish sincere,
 That ev'ry blessing Heaven can give
 May smile around you whilst you live;
 And kindred spirits after this
 Lead you to realms of endless bliss.——
 Merely to wish you happy here,
 Thro' this or next succeeding Year,
 Are words of course---and can't reveal
 The glowing warmth of love I feel:
 I'd burst the bounds of earth and rife,
 To wish you joy beyond the skies.

I've

I've forty times seen Christmas plays,
 And welcom'd forty New-year's days;
 But ne'er could find THAT earthly ground
 On which true happiness is found:
 For if 'tis claim'd as Beauty's due,
 Beauty is lovely fair 'tis true;
 But happiness we can't allow
 To things which no duration know.
 Its not a tranfient gleam of mirth,
 But PERMANENCY stamps the worth.
 And spite of all cosmetic ware,
 Beauty is fading, as 'tis fair.

Come Riches, then, and hold to view
 What happiness can flow from you.
 The genuine calls of life or health
 Ask (*I* can tell) but little wealth.

C

And

And all the glitt'ring heaps beside,
 Condemn'd to luxury or pride,
 Instead of heightning human bliss,
 But tend in fact to make it less.
 The gilded coach's rumbling noise
 Oft drowns the pompous Owners sighs;
 And those in gloomy grandeur weep
 Who'd happier been in tending sheep.

Shall Honour next in turn be brought?
 'Tis scarcely worth a moment's thought:
 An airy bubble lightly blown,
 A moment here, and next 'tis gone.
 External grandeur's tinsel glare,
 The Garter, Coronet, or Star;
 Can these recal the fleeting breath?
 Or wave the threat'ning hand of death?

From

From his once issu'd mandate save ?
 Or gild with joy the gloomy grave ?
 No---Honour, Wealth, or Beauty's power,
 Respect alone the present hour :
 Nor can they present peace secure,
 Much less our future bliss insure.

Then waving such delusive toys,
 Let us to fairer objects rise :
 The immortal mind peruse with care,
 And trace far nobler Beauties there :
 RELIGION'S sacred truths embrac'd,
 With all her radiant virtues grac'd :
 The gen'rous hand held out to woe,
 Whilst streams of tender pity flow :
 The Christian meekness, which forbears,
 And strives to soothe another's tears :

The passions curb'd ; the bridled tongue,
 That speaks nor acts to others' wrong :
 The cheerful voice of joy to Heaven,
 For each minutest mercy given :
 And louder songs of grateful praise,
 For pard'ning Love, and saving Grace.
 These are the shining steps, which lead
 Where happiness is found indeed :
 These are the radiant links, which join,
 And form Salvation's golden chain.
 The endless bliss they place in store,
 Will last when Earth shall be no more.---
 And these, with all their joys in view,
 My much-lov'd Friends, I wish to you !
 May you with those, in peace serene,
 Be arm'd to combat ev'ry scene !

Life

Life has, at best, more thorns than flowers !
 But may its smoothest path be yours !
 May you with calm composure glide,
 Along Life's hurrying, boisterous tide !
 With mutual joy and comfort given
 And both, go hand in hand to Heaven !

Or should th'Almighty send, in love,
 His chaf'ning rod, your faith to prove ;
 Should darkness, seem to form his robe,
 As once it did to holy JOB * ;
 And fainting flesh cry out, in pain,
 " I ne'er shall see my GOD again !"
 Be then to quick remembrance brought
 The truths the sacred page has taught :

* JOB, chap. xxxv. v. 14.

“ Judgment’s before HIM,” therefore trust
 In HIM, whose ways, tho’ dark, are just :
 And in HIS OWN good time and way,
 The gloomy night shall turn to day.

Whilst thus the firm and upright heart
 Maintains and holds the better part,
 May Love and Friendship keep their flame,
 Tho’ age may weaken Beauty’s claim :
 For Age and Death will have their day,
 Each fleeting moment calls, Away.
 Should Wife or Husband, Child or Friend,
 On either’s parting scene attend,
 Oh, may it then to all appear,
 That you have been with JESUS here !
 May ev’ry solemn season past,
 With bright reflection gild the last !

While

While sorrows stream from ev'ry eye,
 May you not feel a cause to fight !
 No gloomy doubts of sense prevail,
 But faith keep down the rising scale !
 Behold, unshaken, Death's advance !
 His lifted arm ! his pointed lance !
 And whilst frail nature sinks with pain,
 The Soul, exulting, bursts her chain,
 And gladly freed from nature's load,
 Fly to her SAVIOUR and her GOD :
 Whilst Heaven's high concave shall this chorus bear,
 " Well done, ye faithful Servants ! welcome here !"

While sorrows stream from ev'ry eye,
 May you not feel a candle to light !
 No gloomy doubts of sense prevail,
 But faith keep down the victory scale !
 Behold, unshaken, Death's advanced !
 His lifted arm ! his pointed lance !
 And while still nature links with pain,
 The soul, exulting, bursts her chain,
 And gladly freed from nature's load,
 Fly to her SAVIOUR and her GOD !
 While Heaven's high concave shall this chorus bear,
 " Well done, ye faithful servants ! welcome here ! "



